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WHY MARRY?

A C.T.S. TORCH PAMPHLET

Edited by

Archbishop Heenan

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY
38-40 Eccleston Square, London, S.W.1
WHY MARRY?

MAY 15th and a glorious day.

The Church had been filling up for the last half hour. Quite a number of people looked as if they had never been in church before. They were turning round, pointing, shaking hands. Some of them were even shouting across the church. The organist was fed up. He could almost make an organ speak. But it's no good making an organ speak if folk don't want to listen. So he threw down Mendelssohn and took up the Westminster Hymnal. He gave them 'This is the image of our Queen' and pulled out all the stops.

Suddenly he noticed things were getting quiet. It couldn't be that they wanted to listen to him. Not on your life. They couldn't appreciate decent music when they heard it. A small boy was running up the stairs to the organ-loft. This was it. The bride had arrived.

All he could see as she walked up the aisle was that she knew how to wear a dress. She knew how to carry herself. If she had a face to match, Frank was lucky.

Frank, the bridegroom, of course, he knew. They had been at school together. That's
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why he had come over from Chislehurst to play for him.

There was a fellow for you. A good all-rounder. Always in the first eleven for football and cricket. Usually in the first half-dozen in the exams. He never had any side. Not even now, with his D.S.M. and bar.

He looked every inch a man, standing up there in the uniform of the Fleet Air Arm. Well, he deserves a good wife, thought the organist. Thank God she's a Catholic and they are having a Nuptial Mass. I'd rather play for a Nuptial Mass than give a recital in the Queen's Hall. This is the kind of thing music was made for. They were signalling him from the altar. The priest was out there, smiling at them both, with his book in his hand. He had a fine clear voice. These Naval Chaplains seem to be chosen for their voices. Or perhaps they developed good lungs by shouting out prayers on the deck.

Better or worse

‘Francis Michael Bradley, wilt thou take Teresa Mary Martin here present for thy lawful wife, according to the rite of our Holy Mother the Church?’

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‘I will.’

‘Teresa Mary Martin, wilt thou take . . .’

You could hear a pin drop in church. Every word came clearly right up to the organ-loft.

‘. . . to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, till death do us part. . . .’

Now the priest was blessing the ring:

‘Benedic Domine anulum hunc . . .’

Hello, something's gone wrong. Poor old Frank—he's dropped the ring. Wonderful how a fellow who can shoot down Messerschmidt's without batting an eyelid goes into a dither when he's getting married. Good. They've found it. Poor old Frank's voice sounds a bit shaky.

‘With this ring I thee wed. This gold and silver I thee give. . . .’

No more hitches. They disappear into the sacristy to sign up the Registrar's book . . . Now they are back at the altar. There they are, the two of them, side by side, kneeling right inside the altar rail. A nice touch, that, of the Church to let the bride kneel right up there near the altar when her wedding Mass is being said. They don't let nuns do that
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when they get the veil. Well, I suppose it shows what the Catholic Church thinks about marriage...

Now I can do my stuff on the organ...

There wasn’t a sound in church except the squalling of a few babies. But no one minds that in a Catholic Church. It’s as good as any music Mozart ever wrote. He was playing Mozart now. It was a Low Mass but they had asked him to play the High Mass music as it went along.

May 15th and a glorious day...

We’ll leave the organist and the bride and bridegroom and all the crowd in church. Let’s have a look at the romance which led up to all this.

* * *

Home best

Frank Bradley was pretty glad to join up. He liked his home and all that. But, the way he looked at it, joining up was a great chance of seeing the world. He’d always liked messing round with machinery since he was a kid. Before the war he spent all his spare cash learning to fly. Naturally the Fleet Air Arm were glad to get him. He had a pretty good nerve so, on the whole, he’d had a decent war. He wouldn’t have liked to have been in the R.A.F. in case they had shoved him on bombers. But the F.A.A. suited him down to the ground—if that’s the right word. He spent most of his time afloat but just enough spells in an aircraft carrier to give him a taste of the Navy.

Though he’d had a pretty good war he was surprised how much he missed home. When he was in the Shore Establishment he used to feel it badly of an evening. There was a good canteen, of course, and the chaps were decent. But it wasn’t home. Week-ends were terrible. The only thing that seemed like home was going to the parish church to Mass.

Surprising how chaps argue about religion. They don’t usually start that way. But they soon get round to it. Old Bill, for instance, always moaning about his wife. She’d gone off with another bloke and left the two kids. Bill’s sister was looking after them. They’d only been married a year when the war broke out. While he was in Cyprus this other guy—a pal of Bill’s, supposed to be—started taking her out and she’d gone off with him. His divorce was coming up in a couple of weeks. Good riddance, he thought.
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‘When I get hold of that chap of hers I’ll sock him till he won’t know whether it’s Monday or Tuesday. If it weren’t for the two kids, I’d do for him.’ That’s what Bill had said.

Divorce

Frank started worrying about old Bill. Supposing he had been Bill! As a Catholic he wouldn’t be able to have a divorce. That didn’t seem fair. Bill and some of the others said the Catholic Church was out of date anyway. These days it’s ridiculous to expect people to tie themselves up for good. After all, what do you know when you’re about twenty? Even if Bill’s wife hadn’t pushed off with someone else, Bill himself had got new ideas since he had been abroad. That girl in Cairo, for instance... .

A few nights later the Padre came into the canteen. Frank and Bill and one or two of the other fellows were having a drink. Bill couldn’t stand Padres. So he got up to go.

‘Sit down, Bill,’ the priest said. ‘I won’t bite you. You needn’t be afraid I’m going to preach you a sermon. I’m looking for a few lads to help me with a children’s party up at the Seamen’s Orphanage.’

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‘Do kids whose fathers were in the Fleet Air Arm get into a Seamen’s Orphanage if their old man’s bumped off?’

‘You’re not talking about being bumped off just yet, are you, Bill?’ asked the priest.

‘Well, Padre,’ said Bill, sitting down again, ‘you’ve got to think of everything. My wife’s run off with another chap and if anything happens to me I can’t expect my sister to look after them for the rest of her natural.’

The Padre looked thoughtful.

‘Isn’t there any chance of getting her back?’

‘Getting her back? I wouldn’t take her back if she went on her knees to me.’

Then Wiggy chipped in. Wiggy was a sort of uncle to all of them. He wasn’t much older than the rest but he seemed to have more sense. His real name was Walmsley. He got his name because he came from Wigan.

‘You shouldn’t talk like that, Bill,’ Wiggy said. ‘I know she let you down. But she’s probably breaking her heart now to come back to you and the kids. After all, you don’t know how much to blame she was. If it hadn’t been for you, Handsome Harry would never have laid an eye on her. You told me
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yourself that you asked her to be kind to him because he was missing home so much. You took him to your place nearly every leave. You made him one of the family almost. No wonder she fell for him. What do you think, Padre?

The Padre was lighting his pipe.

‘I’ve got a golden rule,’ he said, ‘My father gave it to me years ago:

“Never stop a falling knife,
Nor interfere twixt man and wife.”’

‘I’m not going to tell Bill his business. I’d tell him pretty quickly if he were a Catholic.’

Bill stuck his jaw out.

‘Well, what would you tell me if I was a Catholic, Padre?’

The Children

The priest put down his pipe.

‘Put your hand in your breast pocket, Bill, and bring out everything you’ve got there.’

Bill grinned.

‘Want to borrow some money?’

But he took his pocket-book out just the same.

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‘Right, Bill. Now, I want you to take out of that pocket-book the thing you value most.’

Bill looked puzzled.

‘I don’t know what you mean.’

‘I mean just what I say. I expect like the rest of the boys you’ve got that wallet stuffed with all sorts of junk. Now just do as I tell you. Take out the thing that means most to you.’

Bill didn’t have to think for long. Out it came. Just like the Padre knew it would. The picture of his two children.

Father Wright stood up, laughing.

‘I’ve got to go up to the orphanage. I’m going to put you all down for a turn. I saw the show you put on at Christmas. That’ll do fine.’

Then he leant towards Bill.

‘I know you’re not keen about religion but I’m giving a talk to some fellows tomorrow and we are going to discuss marriage. Drop in. You may not like it. But it will do you a bit of good.’

He picked up the picture that was still lying on the table.

‘It might do a bit of good to these children too. I’ll be seeing you.’

* * *
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The Padre’s talk

‘I’m not an Admiral of the Fleet giving a pep talk. . . .’

The Chaplain was beginning his talk.

‘So any of you men can interrupt me whenever you like. I’m glad to see you’re here, Bill. I don’t suppose you’re going to agree with all I say. You just stop me when there’s something you want to ask me about. If you like to let me go on talking you’ll have plenty of time afterwards for asking questions. But before we start, give me a chance to fill my pipe. Light up yourselves if you want to.

‘Well, if you’re all ready, let’s go. I want to begin the wrong way round. I want, first of all, to talk about divorce. The Catholic Church is definitely old-fashioned. We believe that the old-fashioned idea Jesus Christ spoke about was the right idea. He said: “What God hath joined together let no man put asunder.” So that’s the end of it so far as the Catholic Church is concerned.’

Bill was on his feet in a minute.

‘Sorry, Padre, but is all this talk just getting at me? I haven’t come here just to have an argument. I thought you were going to tell us about marriage without having a go at anybody.’

The Padre wasn’t a bit upset.

‘Believe it or not, Bill, I wasn’t even thinking of you when I said that. I started talking about divorce because that’s one of the big things where the Catholic Church is different from most other people. I wanted to tell you just why and then get back to explaining all about marriage.’

‘What’s the good of saying bits of the bible?’—Bill was narked—‘Most of us don’t believe it, anyway. Just because Christ said: “What God has put together” doesn’t mean that people in the twentieth century have got to believe that nonsense. You can’t tell me that God joined me and my wife together. God didn’t have anything to do with it.’

‘Have it your own way, Bill. O.K., we’ll drop divorce for the moment. I’ll start right at the beginning. But we won’t get anywhere if you keep interrupting me.

‘Let’s have a bargain, Bill. You keep quiet for five minutes and then I’ll let you ask all the questions you like. O.K.? ’

‘O.K., Padre.’

Father Wright then told them just what
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the Catholic Church teaches about marriage—and why.

The Mother

It stands to reason, he told them, that if the world was to go on there had to be marriage. God doesn’t keep creating new things. He lets the things that are already alive produce new life. Seeds grow into new plants. All the animals reproduce their kind. So life is renewed all the time, not directly by God, but through God’s creatures.

There are a lot of things about man that are also true about animals. You expect that because animals and men both have bodies. There’s not much to choose between a new-born baby and a new-born kitten or puppy. They are all helpless. They can’t think or talk or eat. They are kept alive by breathing and drinking milk.

So it’s not surprising that they have to be looked after. That’s what mothers are for. When a baby is born the mother thinks of nothing else but her child. She wants to know if the baby is all right. She doesn’t care if she can’t sleep as long as the baby is sleeping. That goes for mothers among animals, too. Most of them give all their attention to their young.

So much for animals and men when they act the same. Now let’s see where they act differently. Watch animals and you’ll find that as soon as their young can fend for themselves they don’t take any more interest in them. It doesn’t take them long to train their young to keep themselves alive. After a few weeks your kitten or puppy or your little bird will be able to leave home.

That’s not the way it is with babies. It’s not a question of weeks or months with them. It’s years and years before they are fit to leave home. What’s the reason? Is it because animals have something man hasn’t got? Not at all. Just the opposite. It’s because animals don’t have something man has got.

All that matters about an animal is its body. Now take a child. It’s got something as well as its body that matters. It’s got a soul. That soul has to be trained to look after itself the same as the body. It takes much longer to train a soul than a body. The bird can fly from the nest in a very short time. It doesn’t take long for the mother to teach it all it needs to know. When she has
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done that she is finished. The bird flies away. Now take the child. It doesn't take long to teach it to eat and to walk. It takes a lot longer to teach it to talk. It takes longer still to teach it to talk sense. In fact there are some people who never learn to talk sense.

Here the Padre looked over at Bill.

'Don't say it, Bill. I know you think I'm not talking sense, but you can tell me all that later on.'

The Padre resumed.

The family

It's because a child needs a home that it needs a mother and father. The home is the place where the child is taught the meaning of life. A home is made by the union of husband and wife.

I suppose you realise that there aren't husbands and wives among animals. There is no need. All you need with animals is males and females for the species to go on. But it's not only a question of males and females with human beings. You need males and females who will remain together and give themselves to the job of building a home.

Ask me what marriage is and this is what I'll tell you. It's a contract between a man and a woman which is meant to provide for new life to come into the world and be looked after. So that people will want to bring children into the world, God has given them the gift of love.

Love may sound a silly word. That's because all the love you hear of is the kind of love they talk about in Hollywood. But Hollywood love as often as not isn't love at all. It's just lust. It's men lusting after other people's wives and women lusting for other people's husbands. Lust is love gone wrong. But all the lust in the world doesn't make love look cheap.

Love

What is love? Love is the desire men and women have not only for the physical pleasure they can give each other but for the joy of making a home together. Living together means more than just sleeping together. Love means more than sexual intercourse.

That's why marriage is something more than a chance union between the male and female of the human species. Marriage is God's way of arranging for a man and a woman to found the society we call the family
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in which children can be born and educated. That’s the first reason why God made marriage. And the second is so that a man and a woman can be united and satisfy the desires of love.

The great mistake people make about marriage is in thinking that it’s only sex that counts. Sex is important. Nobody but a fool would doubt that. That’s why most people who get married are physically attracted to each other. But it’s much more important for husbands and wives to be united in mind than in body. Physical attraction simply doesn’t last. Old age and disease see to that. Except, of course, when people die young or die sudden deaths.

Now, if physical attraction were the only thing that mattered, it would mean that there could be no love among husbands and wives after they stop being young and beautiful. That’s why people who keep talking about sex show how little they know about love. The Catholic Church knows all about love. That’s why she doesn’t try to improve on the doctrines of the Son of God. Because God is love. So God knows what love means.

Most of the books and films about love get it all wrong. They go all out to show that, after a bit, married life becomes misery. If they thought about the meaning of marriage they wouldn’t be so quick to try to break it up. It’s all very well to paint the picture of a lovely woman with a cruel husband. Anyone can tell a story of a kind young man coming to release her and make her live happily ever after. But what about the children? Forget them and you forget what marriage is for.

Bill couldn’t hold himself in.

‘I’m sorry, Padre. It’s all very well to talk about cruel husbands. But what about me and my wife? I never did her any harm. She always got the proper allowance. I didn’t neglect the children. She was just no good. You’re not going to tell me that God expects me to take her back after what she’s done? I’m going to divorce her. I’ll get hold of a decent woman. But, believe me, I’m going to be more careful next time.’

Suddenly a voice came from the back. It was that of a young pilot.

THE JEWS

‘Can I butt in, Padre, for a minute? As a matter of fact I agree with all you’ve been
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saying. But I don’t think it’s quite fair to these men to pretend that God is against divorce. I admit that Christ objected to it, but that’s different. The Jews are supposed to be the chosen people of God and they had divorce, didn’t they? I used to have to read the bible at school, you know, Padre.’

‘Fair enough,’ replied the priest. ‘The Jews certainly did have divorce. But if you know your bible you will remember that when Christ said divorce was all wrong, the Jews said just what you’re saying now. They told Him that Moses allowed a man to put away his wife. Do you remember what Christ answered? He admitted that Moses let them have divorce. But He said it wasn’t like that from the beginning. Moses tolerated divorce because the Jews had grown cold in their love of God. They had become hard-hearted. Christ had come to restore the law of God to its full and perfect practice.

‘He did everything possible to show what He thought of family life. He was born into a family circle. He lived thirty-three years and thirty of those years were spent in His family.

‘There’s another thing. Jesus Christ went about doing good. He was always working wonders. He healed the sick. He gave sight to the blind. He even raised the dead. But the very first thing He did was to save a wedding party from disaster. A young couple had invited more people than they could afford to look after. So before the wedding feast was half over they ran out of wine. The very first miracle that Jesus did was to change water into wine at a wedding feast. That shows what He thought about marriage...

‘I can see that some of you fellows want to ask questions. But there’s one other thing I want to say before I give you the chance. You may not all understand it, but I must say it just the same.

Grace

‘The Catholics among you will know what I mean by grace. It’s the power God gives us of being His sons. By the grace of God we and Jesus Christ become brothers. It means even more than that, really, but that’ll do for the moment.

‘This grace comes into people’s souls to make them able to be good Christians. Every time Christians are called upon to do something hard God gives them the grace to do it.

‘Getting married is hard. I don’t mean
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the wedding ceremony, though that's hard enough—especially for men. I mean living a decent married life. So Christ decided that when Christians get married they should have a special grace. That's why Catholics talk about the Sacrament of Marriage. A sacrament is what gives souls grace.

That's the reason, too, why we talk about Holy Matrimony. When people get married the grace of God comes into their souls. They are made one in the sight of God even before they are united in any other way. Now, it's because matrimony is holy that the Catholic Church tells people not to rush into it. It's because marriage is holy that the Catholic Church says religion is so important in marriage. She tells her people not to choose a husband or wife who does not understand the Catholic religion.

Now, Bill, I'll answer your question. Yours is a hard case. But suppose the Catholic Church decided to alter the law of God every time a hard case turned up, what would happen then? I'll tell you what would happen then. It's happened everywhere outside the Church. For every really hard case there'd be a hundred marriages which people would claim to be hard cases.

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Modern ideas

You see what's happening everywhere because people won't take marriage seriously? One man says: "I want a divorce because my wife was seen out with another man." That's fine. I expect there are about a million men in the Services whose pals could write home and say they've seen them out with other women. How long would marriage last if every time a man or woman did the wrong thing the home had to be broken up?

Once you start, there's no end to it. If divorce is right because of adultery, it should be right for lots of other reasons. There are worse things than adultery. A nagging wife, a bad-tempered husband—they can make life more miserable than men and women who are morally weak. Being a chronic invalid, being unemployed—things like that make men and women a trial to each other. If you are going to break up a marriage for one reason, you can break it up for a hundred other reasons. Have you ever heard that wonderful word incompatibility? It means that husbands and wives don't get along. That's a quite sufficient reason for divorce in any court in some countries.

That's the modern view of marriage and
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it’s wrong. The Catholic Church may be old-fashioned, but she’s right. When I think of divorce, I think of broken homes. When I think of broken homes, I think of unhappy children. Then I thank God that the Catholic Church isn’t broad-minded.

Bill was on his feet again.

‘Nothing you’ve said will solve my problem, Padre. It’s all very well to talk about hard cases. But I’ve got a hard case right here. Do you think I’m going to stay single for the rest of my life?’

‘Bill, you’re not a Catholic. So I don’t quite know what to say to you. But here’s what I’d tell you if you were a Catholic. I’d say that when you married this woman you took her for better or worse. Before your children were born you had made a bargain. When you got married you were going into it with your eyes open. You were saying: “I am not just taking a chance. Nothing I do or my wife does is going to alter this.” You were in your right mind when you made your marriage vows. A vow is a promise made to God. The only person who can release you from that vow is God. And God says: “What God has joined together let no man put asunder.” But don’t forget, Bill, He

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doesn’t leave you to cope all on your own. He gives you the grace to do the hard thing.

Ruined families

‘Once admit that marriage can be broken up and the whole idea of the family is ruined. As a matter of fact, although they pretend that divorce is meant to make people happy, the exact opposite happens. Divorce ruins security. Husbands and wives are never sure of each other. But when divorce is ruled right out, men and women try to make a go of it. They don’t break the home up when things start going wrong. They know the home mustn’t be broken up so they make up their minds that things must not go wrong.

‘There are accidents in marriage the same as in everything else. After he is married a man meets some other woman he thinks he’d like better. After men are trained for a job they sometimes see other jobs they like better. But if they are men at all they stick it out. You may see a fellow in the R.A.F. You may like his slate-blue uniform and wish you weren’t in the Royal Navy. You may see a job in Civvy Street in a reserved occupation and wish you’d become a Civil Servant or a
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doctor or a motor mechanic. But you don't moan about it. You've made your choice and you stick to it. If everyone gave up his job because he found it wasn't all honey we'd lose this war and life wouldn't be worth living. It's the same in marriage. If everyone cut loose because things were hard, life wouldn't be worth living for anybody.

* * *

Frank always enjoyed the Padre's Hours. He knew that Father Wright had an impossible job with fellows like Bill. How can you talk to a fellow who doesn't know the meaning of life? Chaps like Bill don't know what you mean by the grace of God. They don't really know why they're alive. The Padre simply couldn't bring up the real arguments—they wouldn't understand.

The facts of life

'What's the good of my trying to tell these fellows the facts of life?' Father Wright said to Frank the same evening. 'Suppose I had said: 'What does it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul?' Bill would have thought me crazy. The idea of putting up

with something hard to bear just to keep the law of God, just to save your soul, wouldn't mean a thing to Bill. I don't think these chaps outside the Church go against their conscience. It's just that they don't know any better.

'They think that the Catholic Church invented all the hard doctrines. They talk as if life on earth was intended to be one long picnic. The idea of life being one long preparation for death and Eternal Life simply doesn't enter their heads. What annoys me is that when priests are giving the plain teachings of Christ people talk as if we were trying to put over some cranky idea of the Pope's.'

'But surely, Father,' Frank interrupted, 'the Church has got some ideas of her own about marriage? Take contraception, for instance. The fellows often talk about that kind of thing. They often ask me why Catholics can't do the same as everybody else.'

'There you go,' Father Wright said. 'You're like the rest of them. Do you know that contraception was forbidden by God hundreds of years before Christ came on earth at all? Why, in the very first book of
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the bible—the Book of Genesis—you can read about it. There was a man named Onan. He started this practice you’re talking about. In fact, the proper name for it is onanism. Look it up some time in your dictionary. Now, if you look in the bible you will see what happened to friend Onan. It says: “The Lord slew Onan because he did a detestable thing.”

Sex

‘The whole reason why God made the sexual act so pleasant was to encourage sexual intercourse between husband and wife. Otherwise there would have been no children. The pleasure of sex is like the pleasure of eating. If we didn’t enjoy our food we shouldn’t want to eat. But what would you think of a man who wanted to go on eating so that he could have all the pleasure without getting the good out of his food? You know what the old pagans used to do? They’d eat until they couldn’t eat any more, then they’d make themselves sick and start eating all over again. That’s the kind of thing people do who practice contraception.’

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Frank was thoughtful for a bit. He felt a bit shy about raising the next point. But he thought it was now or never.

‘I’m getting married next leave, Father,’ he said, ‘and there’s one question I’d like to ask you.’

‘Fire away. But, first of all, tell me who’s the lucky girl? How did you meet her?’

‘She’s a Wren, Father. Her name is Teresa Martin. She’s just my type. Last year when you were overseas and we had to go to St Stephen’s for Mass on Sunday I used to notice her at the back of the church. I couldn’t help noticing her because she used to go to Holy Communion every Sunday. I plucked up courage one day and asked her where she came from and how she liked being in the Service.

‘She’s a shy sort of girl and I didn’t make much headway at first. Then I started going to Holy Communion every Sunday morning, too. I suppose that must have made her think I wasn’t such a bad type.

‘Anyhow, Father, we’ve seen a lot of each other. I’ve been to her place on leave and she has stayed with my mother. They got on like a house on fire.'
WHY MARRY?

'What I want to ask you is this. Will you come down to my home church and marry us?'

* * * * *

Purity

'Corpus Domini nostri Jesu Christi...' Father Wright was giving Holy Communion to the bride and bridegroom.

After he had closed the tabernacle he went to the side of the altar to read the final prayers. He came back to the centre and blessed the bride and bridegroom.

The organist meanwhile was sorting out his music for the final march. He couldn't find it anywhere. In a panic he thought he must have left it at home. After a long search he found it stuck between two other pieces of music. He was very annoyed. He had missed the sermon. When he was back at the organ the priest was just finishing.

'...The practice of holy purity in marriage would often be beyond the power of men and women unless God gave them special grace. That is why Christ made marriage a Sacrament. The grace of this Sacrament will give you both power to bear all the trials which await you. It will give you the grace to love and be faithful to each other and to bring up your children in the love of God.

'People will tell you that the Church is hard and narrow. I tell you that the Church loves you. She will protect you. She will not allow anyone to teach you habits which will degrade your home. If the Catholic Church did not uphold the holy state of matrimony she would cease to be the guardian of Christian morality. Christ founded the Church to teach us to be holy. You have received a great and holy Sacrament.

* * * * *

The children need you

Poor old Bill was in the church. He was tucked away in a corner. He felt a bit awkward at first. But the thing got him in the end. He began to wish he knew a few prayers. All the people in front of him had little books. Half-way through he fished out his pocket-book and started staring at the picture of his children. It gave him a sort of choking feeling.

He looked up at the altar and saw Frank kneeling up there with his girl. My God, he
WHY MARRY?

thought, what a difference. Me and May were in and out of the Registrar's in five minutes and I thought I was a smart guy. Maybe I wasn't so smart, after all. . . . I wonder if it's too late to start again now? Should I have another bash at it for the sake of the kids?

He was feeling pretty upset. He decided to cut out the reception. He slipped out of church before the end and started walking fast. He didn't know where he was making for. He just kept going. But all the time he was getting more and more peaceful deep down. Suddenly he found himself outside a big post office. He stood there for a few minutes looking thoughtful. Suddenly he did a little grin. May as well. It can't make things any worse. He went inside and asked for a telegraph form.

WHAT ABOUT FRESH START? HUSBAND CHILDREN NEED YOU. LOVE. BILL.

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